



KATHERINE MOORE HARNET.

Correspondence Column

Pleased With Prize.
Dear Editor,—Please accept my sincerest thanks for the beautiful prize. I was overjoyed to have the honor of receiving a prize from the T. D. C. C. I think my book is just as fine and dear to me as if it were a prize. I have not had time to read it yet, but I will have more time for writing. Our examinations will begin on the 22d of this month. I hope I will be exempt on some of the subjects. Dear Editor, you know I received a pleasant surprise when I won the prize. I am real glad my story was worthy of your mention in the editorial, and thank you very much for remembering me. Inclosed please find a story entitled "Helen's Discovery," which I composed. Hoping the club much success in the future, I remain, your sincere member,
Petersburg, Va. ESTELLE GATES.

A Very Busy Member.

Dear Editor,—I guess you will be somewhat surprised to hear from me again, as I have not written in so long, but I have been so busy that really I have not had time. I read in last Sunday's paper the story sent by Ruth Cooke, and liked it very much, and so thought I would send the poem relating the incident about which her story is written. The poem is as follows:

The Schoolhouse.
Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the summer grows
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knives carved initial.

The charcoal freckles on its wall,
Its doors worn still, betraying
The feet that crasped slow to school,
Went morning out to playing!

Long years ago the winter sun
Shone over at its setting;
Laid up its western window panes
And low eaves left fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving;
For one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her children favor singled;
His cap drawn low upon his face,
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered
As restlessly her hand he held
The blue-checked apron fingered.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I had to go above you,
Because the brown eye lower fell—
Because you see I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man,
That sweet child face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and their loss,
Like her, because they love him.

I certainly hope to see this in print, as I have never been luckier or smarter enough to get anything printed yet. Well, guess had better close for this time. Yours truly,
DAUGMAR HERZOG,
416 Ninth Street, Galveston, Tex.

To Surprise Grandpa.
Dear Editor,—I have solved Edna Kent's puzzle in "Girls' Names in Figures," and hope they are right; and also I send some jumbled countries and boys' names in figures. Please publish my letter, as I want to surprise my grandma Davis. Your T. D. C. C. girl,
115 Old Maid Street, Stovall, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I am writing this to thank you for the prize you sent me for my article on the "Incidents in February." I think it very nice indeed. Would have written sooner, but circumstances have been such that have just had time to write. I am now preparing an article on "Founding of the city of Washington and the District of Columbia," which I hope to send in the near future. Thanking you again for the prize and wishing you and all the members success, I remain, yours truly,
ROBERT W. ALLEN, JR.,
17 East Marshall Street, Richmond.

Dear Editor,—I have intended writing and thanking you for my badge ever since I received it. I wrote you my last letter, but I have been sick since then and the doctor won't let me go and I couldn't go back. I like the arrangement of our page here. It gives us right much more room. My sister received her badge to-day and sends many thanks for it. She will write to you in a few days. I inclose a story, which I hope to see in print. With best wishes for you and the club members, your devoted member,
ALMA F. CRADDOCK,
Mannboro, Amelia county, Va.

Dear Editor,—I was very much pleased to see my drawing in last Sunday's paper, and I hope to see these in it next Sunday. In our school, I have been reading "The Old Virginia," and like it very much. Our school will close about the 4th of May. I could like for the members to send me cards. I hope they will write to me soon. Mabel was delighted when she received her prize. I wish you and all of the members how beautiful everything looks. With best wishes to you and the members, I remain, yours truly,
CARL PARRISH,
308 West Thirteenth Street, Washington Ward, Richmond.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a drawing and some jumbled holidays, which I hope to see in the paper. We have gotten a library in our school. I have been reading "The Old Virginia," and like it very much. Our school will close about the 4th of May. I could like for the members to send me cards. I hope they will write to me soon. Mabel was delighted when she received her prize. I wish you and all of the members how beautiful everything looks. With best wishes to you and the members, I remain, yours truly,
MICHAEL, Va. S. RUBY ATKINSON.

THE PRINCESS'S AMULET.

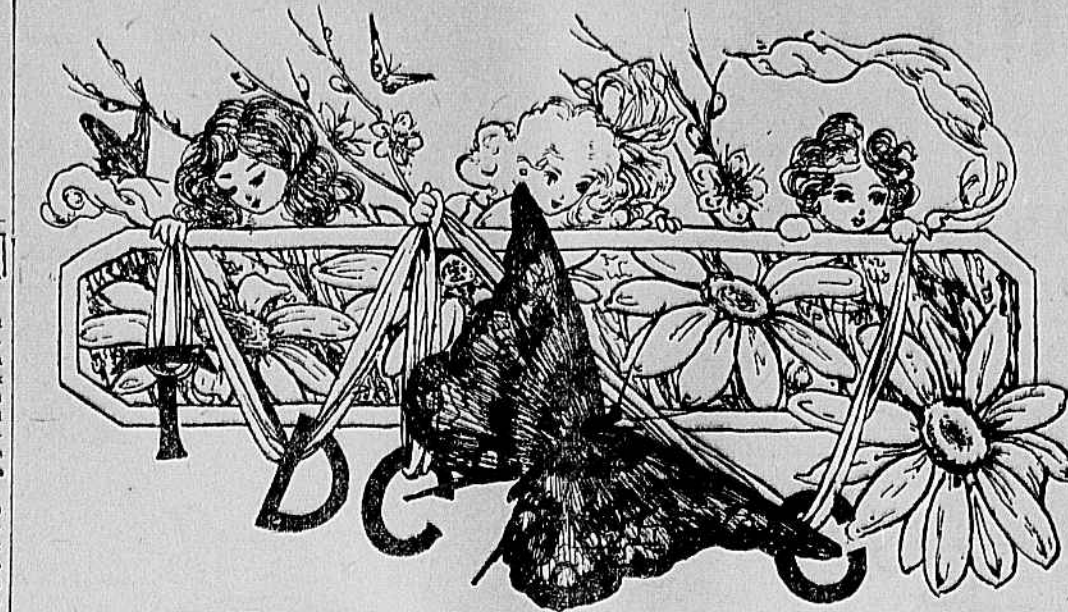
Hundreds of years ago, there lived in Egypt a princess. She was the daughter of a powerful king. When the princess was quite a small child, a famous Hindoo magician came to visit her father's palace. One day, while walking in the garden he met the princess and gave her a funny-looking stone. "This," he said, "is an amulet. While you keep this, no power of earth can harm you. But if you should happen to lose it, you will die. Here a message was handed to the magician saying he must leave at once and he never waited to tell the princess what would happen if she lost it. A fear gradually grew on the mind of the princess that some dreadful evil would befall her if she lost the stone. She carried it on a gold chain around her neck. The years went by and the princess grew to regard the old stone as a part of herself. But one day while playing in the garden she lost it. She searched for days and when it could not be found, she died of the fear that something dreadful was going to happen.

A few months later the Hindoo again visited the palace. He had heard nothing of the death of the princess and he said to the king: "Tell your daughter that if she loses the amulet to knock three times on the east side of the palace gate, and she shall find it again." But he was too late.

(Original)

A. M. JUSTICE

Jarratt, Va.



Editorial and Literary Department.

Pretty Headings for Children's Club Page

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am very proud of the headings recently drawn for the page by different members of the club, among them Fanny and Edgar T. Marburg. The one for May is the work of Emma V. Chadwick and is especially appropriate. I make this announcement because I desire credit to be given where credit is due and because it is not possible to print the name under a heading as in drawings. Don't you think it would be a good plan, in memory of May 13, 1867, to have a prize essay on Jamestown during this month? I do; but I do not wish you in this essay to repeat things that have been written so often as to be known to every one. Instead, suppose you describe the location of Jamestown and its extent. Tell how long it was the capital of the Virginia Colony and under how many Governors its affairs were administered. Also when the seat of government was removed to Williamsburg and for what purpose. Give the names of several historic spots in the Jamestown neighborhood and make brief mention of them. Tell the history of the Jamestown fort.

Now, to the girl or boy sending in the best story, modeled after the outline which I have drawn, a prize will be awarded by YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Atkinson, Ruby S. Harris, Lucile Allen, R. W. Jr. Herndon, L. C. Atkinson, M. F. Herzog, Dagmar Bagby, Lizzie Harris, Ida Bagby, Gladys Harris, Annie B. Beal, C. C. Harney, K. M. Blackburn, C. J. Brown, Edna Justice, Gordon Barrow, Bennett Knipple, W. N. Burke, Albert Murray, F. T. Burke, Alina S. Marburg, F. T. Craddock, A. F. Meade, C. K. Church, Omer C. O'Neal, E. T. Jr. Davis, Sally Phillips, Thomas Dyer, Esther Parrish, Carl Friedman, G. Terry, Edgar Gilliam, Mary A. Walker, V. V. Gayle, Bertha Walton, Adelaide.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Adelaide Walton, Columbia, Va. for a story about Robin Hood.
Dagmar Herzog, 415 Ninth Street, Galveston, Texas, for letters and answers to puzzles.

Miss Alma F. Craddock, Mannboro, Amelia county, Va. for drawing, "I Almost Forgot."

VISIT TO YORKTOWN.

One pleasant morning in the early fall, we hitched up the horse and with our dinner in a basket, started for Yorktown, which we reached after a long drive. Near the central part of the town we came to the first custom house built in the United States.

It is built of stone, brought from England. A little farther on we came to the house used by Cornwallis as his headquarters. Near an attic window in the east wall there is a hole made by a cannon ball fired during the siege of Yorktown. Just outside of the town stands a monument commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington, in October of 1781. We reached home about dark, tired from our long drive, but with pleasant memories of our day in Yorktown.

IDA HARRIS,
Box 72, Hermitage Road.

ON THE WAYSIDE.

As I was going to school I saw many different kinds of beautiful flowers. Their leaves had begun to come out, and they looked their very best. I also saw many pretty flowers in people's gardens, but I thought the roses the prettiest of all.

Besides the red roses, there were cream and white ones. In one garden there were white roses, although they were not in bloom. Just then the bell rang and I had to hurry to school to keep from being late.

BERTHA GAYLE.

401 Louisiana Street, 10 years old.

BESSIE'S HIDING-PLACE.

Katherine and Bessie were playing hiding, and it was Bessie's turn to hide. Where was a nice place! It seemed that Bessie had hid in every nook and corner of the old hall in which the leaves had begun to come out, as she was looking around she saw the boy bring in a great basket of clean clothes from the laundry and set them down in one corner. Quick as thought, Bessie ran to the basket, and the next minute was snugly posted on the clean clothes. Bessie's face looked for Bessie until she was tired, and then ran away to play with her dolls. Twelve o'clock came, and to Bessie appeared. The people began to get uneasy. When the maid went in the hall to get the clothes, they were so heavy that she could hardly carry them. Presently she heard a gasp, and the next minute a curly mop appeared from under the clothes, followed by Bessie's round, rosy face. She had been asleep in the clothes!

BERNARD JUSTICE.

Jarratt, Va.

"THE KING AND THE CAKE."

Once in England there lived a King named Alfred. Although a King, he had many tricks to bear.

Danes the King sought shelter in the hut of a cowherd. The man's wife did not know the King, so she asked him to watch some cakes to keep them from burning. To this he readily agreed, but as soon as the woman had gone he forgot all except the troubles of his country.

Soon the woman came back. Her cakes were all burnt. She drove the King out of her house. When he was outside he said, "How can I be trusted to rule a kingdom wisely when I cannot keep cakes from burning?"

(Selected)

WARREN N. MURRAY.

Barrow's Store, Va.

SCHOOL IS OVER.

School is over. O how grand! We'll put away the stupid books, And form a merry band To seek the nicest, shadiest nooks That ever were in a land.

We'll roam through fields of flowers, And have just lots of fun; We'll build such lovely bowers To shade us from the sun.

There'll be jolly picnics in the wood, Where all is cool and sweet, And everybody feels and good When they see the nice things to eat.

On Saturdays we'll go fishing, And be happy if we catch just a few. We won't keep wishing and wishing For things that we cannot do.

The days'll go by in such a hurry, That before we have time to think School will be back with its worry, And its duties from which we shrink.

Composed by

COURTNEY KEITH MEADE,
Mannboro, Amelia county, Va.

HELEN'S DISCOVERY.

On a beautiful lawn in the suburbs of a large city, a little girl of twelve summers was sitting under a large elm tree. She seemed very sad, although from her appearance you would think she was one of the happiest little girls in the world.

She was a very pretty child, having long golden curls and expressive brown eyes. Her slender features were clad in a pale blue dress.

She had been sitting in this reclining position for several minutes, reflecting upon her past life. Helen was greatly attached to her father and loved him above all others. Her step-mother hated her and Helen always desired to be out of her presence.

Helen's father was going to take a trip to Europe on one of his health and he was not coming home until Christmas. She had asked to be allowed to accompany him, but was refused this privilege.

Suddenly she saw something glittering in the sun a few paces away. Helen immediately ran and went to the place. Looking around she found a beautiful gold coin. After picking up the large piece of money she noticed an opening and resolved she would find out what it was.

She went to the house, secured a large spade and went to the place. With this instrument she dug for a long time. Finally she struck something hard. What could it be? It was a large iron chest. She opened it and behold she found it contained much gold and many kinds of currency. After revealing this to her step-mother, she was advised more by her. This was only because her undevoted step-mother desired to have Helen's wealth.

Composed by

ESTELLE E. GATES

THE PICNIC.

Oh, say Eloise. Just get up a little picnic and invite Julia Brown, Marie White and Edith Atwood. We could have loads of fun out under the old oak tree. We could play lots of games. We could each make a few little cakes and sandwiches.

Oh, come on and tell the children about it. Just as Eloise and Ned left the house they met all of the girls coming.

Ned told them of their plan, and they were crazy about it. So all of them went to work for the picnic.

The day arrived and they met each other at the old oak tree. They were all dressed plainly, and seek, then in and out the window, etc.

They ate dinner and then went out wading. By that time it was 5 o'clock. They all went home after a delightful day.

VIRGINIA VALENTINE WALKER.

Somerset, Orange county, Va.

STORY OF A LITTLE MULE.

Sam was the little mule's name. He was born at a good farmer's house. Sam grew very fast. When he was two years old the farmer put a bit in his mouth, and then he put the harness on. Sometimes he was hitched to the wagon. When Sam was four years old the farmer sold him to a man who treated him very cruel. Sometimes Sam would kick and bite. The old man got tired of him, and sold him to a very kind farmer, and there he lived all the rest of his life.

BENNETT BARROW.

Barrow's Store, Va.

A BRAVE LITTLE MAN.

Jack and Amy lived in a small village on a river. Jack had black hair and brown eyes. Amy had golden hair and blue eyes. Jack was twelve and Amy was four. One night their mother and father went to see a friend. Both children were asle-

when they went away. About 10 o'clock Jack was awakened by the smell of smoke and something burning. He arose and went to the door. To his amazement their house was on fire. Jack ran and awoke Amy. Amy was so frightened she could not run. Jack took her and carried her out of the house. Then he ran and awoke some of his neighbors. By that time their parents came. The house was saved and the children, too. They praised Jack and called him a brave little man.

GLADYS BARROW.

Barrow's Store, Va.

THE LUNATIC.

There was great excitement in Calico. A crazy man had escaped from the asylum, and every one was scared of him. Near the town there was a small cottage, in which there lived a Mr. and Mrs. Brown and two children. Mr. and Mrs. Brown had left the day before for a sick friend. So Tom and Edith were alone. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when Edith, standing at the door, saw a stranger ride up, stop at their door, and get off his horse. He walked up to the door and knocked. Edith invited him in. He was sitting down refreshing himself and talking to the children, when Tom asked him had he heard about the crazy man. The stranger jumped up and shouted: "What! He is not crazy." Just then Mr. and Mrs. Brown drove up. The stranger fled. He was the crazy man.

LOUISE LAW WALKER.

Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

RUTH AND HER KITTEN.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruth. She had a little cat named Ted. Ruth had a great deal of knitting, and every time she put it down Ted would tangle it up. It annoyed her very much. She told her mother that she did not like Ted to trouble her. Ruth's father was a carpenter, and he was out at work, so she asked him to build Ted a little house. So he did. That night Ruth put Ted in the house to sleep. Next morning when she went to give him his breakfast he was not there. Ruth went and told her mother that Ted was gone. She went to look for him again, and found him in the water trough all wet and dirty. Ruth carried him in the house and gave him a bath and put him in the sun to dry. The next day Ted was sick. She did not know what was the matter with him, but he had caught cold.

M. ALBERTA HATES.

Care Mrs. W. G. Bates, Ashland, Va.

THE SECRET.

We have a secret, just we three, The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree; The bird told the tree and the tree told me.

And nobody knows it but just us three, But, of course, the robin knows it best, Because he built the nest—I shan't tell the rest.

And laid the four little—something in it— I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep I'll try my best the secret to keep. Though I know when the little birds fly about, the whole secret will then be out.

OMER CHURCH.

1112 West Cary Street, City.

MY PET CALF.

I have a pet calf. Her name is Mary. Papa brought her home when she was very young in a bag. Then we learned her how to drink milk. After she had learnt how to drink then I fed her. Then we kept her in a chicken yard until she got big enough to eat grass. Then we tied her out on it. Now she is very large, nearly two years old. She has a black face and very large horns. I carry her to the pasture every morning. In the evening I watch her on the grass. I love her dearly. ELEANOR BROWN.

Ettrick, Va., R. F. D. No. 1.

DOT, THE DENTIST.

Dot is a monkey. He has lived in our country two years. He was brought here from India by his master. Dot is a happy, good natured little fellow. He is full of tricks and pranks.

But last week Dot was not a happy, pleasant monkey. Dot was cross. Dot had the toothache. All the family were sorry for him. He would sit down on the floor and put his paw up to his mouth, and look as if it hurt. Sometimes he would cry and sob. Then he would run around the room as fast as he could go.

At last Dot grew tired of the pain. What do you suppose Dot did? (To be continued.)

ANNA REAMS.

THE LEXINGTON BOYS.

They ordered the Yankee colonel to surrender, but he refused, and they bayoneted him. They captured the guns and won a brilliant victory, though they lost fifty of the brave boys killed and wounded.

THE END.

ALICE PERKINS.



MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

Puzzle Department.

INSECT PUZZLE.

Fill in blanks with names of insects.
1. Did you see Cousin —? — true.
2. It's too strange to — away.
3. I saw the bird — for their lives.
4. Bring — Alice the — to-day.
5. He wore his — to-day.
6. Those who eat butter can make the —
7. I am sorry that — it.
8. In the flower garden.
9. Can a —? No, it cannot.
BY COURTNEY KEITH MEADE,
Mannboro, Amelia Co., Va.

JUMBLED HOLIDAYS.

Molshart, Athens, Georgia, Laury, Haskettville, Saksingwona Pythia, Selo, Yatribba, Dago Dyfira, Wen Aery.
RUBY ATKINSON,
Mehaux, Va.

KONFEDERATE GENERALS.

1. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
2. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
3. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
4. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
5. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
6. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
7. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
8. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
9. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
10. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.
11. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

GLADYS BARROW.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

BOYS' NAMES.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

GLADYS BARROW.

Barrow's Store, Va.

ANSWERS.

To picture puzzle:
1. Hand-rake—rake+
2. Hand-rake—rake+
3. Hand-rake—rake+
4. Hand-rake—rake+
5. Hand-rake—rake+
6. Hand-rake—rake+
7. Hand-rake—rake+
8. Hand-rake—rake+
9. Hand-rake—rake+
10. Hand-rake—rake+
11. Hand-rake—rake+
12. Hand-rake—rake+
13. Hand-rake—rake+
14. Hand-rake—rake+
15. Hand-rake—rake+
16. Hand-rake—rake+
17. Hand-rake—rake+
18. Hand-rake—rake+
19. Hand-rake—rake+
20. Hand-rake—rake+
21. Hand-rake—rake+
22. Hand-rake—rake+
23. Hand-rake—rake+
24. Hand-rake—rake+
25. Hand-rake—rake+
26. Hand-rake—rake+
27. Hand-rake—rake+
28. Hand-rake—rake+
29. Hand-rake—rake+
30. Hand-rake—rake+
31. Hand-rake—rake+
32. Hand-rake—rake+
33. Hand-rake—rake+
34. Hand-rake—rake+
35. Hand-rake—rake+
36. Hand-rake—rake+
37. Hand-rake—rake+
38. Hand-rake—rake+
39. Hand-rake—rake+
40. Hand-rake—rake+
41. Hand-rake—rake+
42. Hand-rake—rake+
43. Hand-rake—rake+
44. Hand-rake—rake+
45. Hand-rake—rake+
46. Hand-rake—rake+
47. Hand-rake—rake+
48. Hand-rake—rake+
49. Hand-rake—rake+
50. Hand-rake—rake+
51. Hand-rake—rake+
52. Hand-rake—rake+
53. Hand-rake—rake+
54. Hand-rake—rake+
55. Hand-rake—rake+
56. Hand-rake—rake+
57. Hand-rake—rake+
58. Hand-rake—rake+
59. Hand-rake—rake+
60. Hand-rake—rake+
61. Hand-rake—rake+
62. Hand-rake—rake+
63. Hand-rake—rake+
64. Hand-rake—rake+
65. Hand-rake—rake+
66. Hand-rake—rake+
67. Hand-rake—rake+
68. Hand-rake—rake+
69. Hand-rake—rake+
70. Hand-rake—rake+
71. Hand-rake—rake+
72. Hand-rake—rake+
73. Hand-rake—rake+
74. Hand-rake—rake+
75. Hand-rake—rake+
76. Hand-rake—rake+
77. Hand-rake—rake+
78. Hand-rake—rake+
79. Hand-rake—rake+
80. Hand-rake—rake+
81. Hand-rake—rake+
82. Hand-rake—rake+
83. Hand-rake—rake+
84. Hand-rake—rake+
85. Hand-rake—rake+
86. Hand-rake—rake+
87. Hand-rake—rake+
88. Hand-rake—rake+
89. Hand-rake—rake+
90. Hand-rake—rake+
91. Hand-rake—rake+
92. Hand-rake—rake+
93. Hand-rake—rake+
94. Hand-rake—rake+
95. Hand-rake—rake+
96. Hand-rake—rake+
97